

Avrigus, Flesh

Take these hooks from my flesh
Cast across the ring of fate
By the fire in thine eyes

This Temple is reduced to ash

This Corss this thing of hate
Desire never dies
Burried deep beneath a shroud of sleep
Desire never dies

Lord have mercy

Thake these tears and wipe the slate

Fear not heresy!

Draw the line across this circle of my fate

Take these hooks from my flesh
The flesh of a sentient being
This temple is reduced to ash
By looking back and seeing thee in chains